

DECEMBER

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No.22

BLACKHAWK

10¢

and beautiful
FEAR
battle Death
and Destruction!

*Ronald
aldrich*



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GIVEN

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Girls

SHAIL COLTON

Ladies
Men

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TOWN _____ DISTRICT _____ STATE _____

[illegible]

Write or draw answers to PART 2 questions on an envelope

Blackhawk



The Blackhawks batter down the stout defenses of evil. They've done it for years—and they'll keep doing it—Earth's top team of fighters for freedom and justice seeks out its foemen in every land and on every sea, and knows not the meaning of defeat or despair!

The once barren island of Sharkan, midway in the ocean between two great continents, bustles with activity—

WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH WITH THE WORK! THIS WILL BE AN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT—A LINK JOINING TWO HALVES OF THE WORLD!

RIGHT, BOSS! LET'S HOPE NOBODY INTERFERES!

LOOK, THOSE SWEATING FOOLS HAVE ALMOST FINISHED THE SHARKAN AIRPORT! SOON IT WILL BE OPEN TO INTERNATIONAL AIR TRAFFIC—

PERHAPS SO! IF NOBODY INTERFERES!



While, in a capital city on the mainland—

BLACKHAWK, I'VE INVITED YOU HERE TO DISCUSS THE NEARLY FINISHED SHARKAN AIRPORT! IT WILL BE AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN COMMERCE, PEACE AND GOOD WILL!

YES, MR. COMMISSIONER—

IF NOBODY INTERFERES! WHERE DO MY FRIENDS AND I FIT IN?

THE AIRPORT IS ON AN ISLAND BELONGING TO NO NATION! IT IS BEING BUILT BY PEACE-LOVING FRIENDS FROM SEVERAL COUNTRIES! SINCE THERE'S NO NATIONAL RESPONSIBILITY—

OF COURSE! THERE CAN BE NO NATIONAL DEFENSE! WELL?

WE ARE ASKING YOUR BLACKHAWKS, WHO, AS A BAND, REPRESENT VARIOUS PEOPLES, TO GUARD SHARKAN ISLAND— SECRETLY!

A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, BUT WE ACCEPT, GLADLY!



ANDRE! YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME!

MAYS OUI! AND WIZ ME COME OLAF AND STANISLAUS! ZE OTTERS—

RIGHT! HERE THEY ARE! CHUCK— HENDRICKSON— CHOP CHOP!

HERE, BLACKHAWK!

JA, HERE!

ME HERE, TOO!





THE CONFERENCE WAS WHAT WE EXPECTED! WE'RE ASKED TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE SHARKAN AIRPORT! WE'LL TAKE OFF AT DAWN!

MEANWHILE, IT'S EVENING, LET US ATTEND ZE BALLET! I WANE PROCURE ZE TICKETS FOR ALL!



VOILA! TRES MAGNIFIQUE, ZE ART OF ZE DANCE!



EN AVANT, BLACKHAWK! ZE CURTAIN, SHE WILL RISE IN TEN MINUTE!

GO AHEAD, ALL OF YOU! I'LL JOIN YOU IN A MOMENT--



YOUR HANDKERCHIEF! THE INITIAL ON IT IS THE INITIAL OF--

YES, BLACKHAWK, YOUR FRIEND AND OLD ALLY, FEAR! I WANT TO SPEAK OF SHARKAN AIRPORT--



YOU GUESSED--

WHY ELSE ARE THE BLACKHAWKS IN THIS CITY, EXCEPT TO DISCUSS SHARKAN AIRPORT-- WHERE DANGER DRAWS CLOSE THIS MOMENT!



WHAT DANGER, FEAR? WHO THREATENS THE AIRPORT--AND HOW?

I KNOW VERY LITTLE, REALLY! ONE OF A PARTY OF ADVENTURERS-- HAS SHOWN ME ATTENTIONS. HE BOASTS TO IMPRESS ME!



TONIGHT HE DROPPED A HINT THAT HIS CHIEF PLANS AN ATTACK ON SHARKAN AIRPORT-- VERY SOON! I HAD TO WARN YOU!

THANK YOU, FEAR!





MUST HAVE BEEN A BOMB...
FELL ON OUR ADMINISTRATION
BUILDING!

AND STRANGE PLANES
ATTACKING US! QUEBEC!
TAKE COVER!



OUT OF THE WAY,
CHOP CHOP! THEY'RE
MACHINE-GUNNING
US!



BY GOLLY, DAS
YUMPING-YACKS
BAM RUN! COME
BACK AND
FIGHT!

ACH SO, OLAF! REY
DID NOT DARE TO LAND
UND MEET US?



EVERY ONE OF OUR
PLANES GOT DAMAGED.
CHUCK! THEY'LL HAVE TO
BE REPAIRED!

THE TRANSPORT
SUPPLY SQUADRON
ARRIVES AT DAWN
TOMORROW!
THEY'LL HAVE THE
STUFF YOU WANT!



THE AIRPORT ITSELF
ISN'T BADLY KNOCKED
OUT! ONLY OUR
RADIO...

IN OTHER
WORDS, OUR
PLANES
CAN'T LEAVE -
YOUR RADIO CAN'T
SIGNAL! WE'RE CUT
OFF FROM THE REST
OF THE WORLD!



BUT THE SUPPLY
SQUADRON COMES
AT DAWN TOMORROW -

OUR ENEMIES
PROBABLY KNOW THAT!
THEY'LL TRY TO FINISH
THE JOB BEFORE
THEN!



The Blackhawks receive their assailants with a shower of dynamite sticks...

DON'T GO ANY NEARER! TAKE COVER AND PEN THEM UP AMONG THOSE ROCKS!

WE CAN HOLD THIS POINT! THE SUN IS SETTING... NIGHT WILL HIDE US FROM THEM!

NIGHT WILL ALSO HIDE THEM FROM US AS THEY SNEAK FORWARD TO ATTACK!

WHOOOM!

THEY MUST KNOW YOUR TRANSPORTS WILL ARRIVE TOMORROW! I THINK THEY INTEND TO LEAVE NOTHING OF YOUR WORK AND YOU BUT DESTRUCTION!

IF ONLY WE KNEW WHY THEY'RE HERE... WHO SENT THEM?

AS SOON AS IT'S DARK I'LL SNEAK OUT AND LEARN WHAT I CAN!

BRavo... IT'S A BRAVE PLAN! AND WE COME TOO, BLACKHAWK!

NO! TOO MANY MIGHT ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION! YOU'LL STAY AND WATCH UNTIL I RETURN! THAT'S AN ORDER!

WE OBEY, BLACKHAWK!

GOOD LUCK TO YOU, BLACKHAWK!

AND BAD LUCK TO OUR UNINVITED GUESTS YONDER!

SOMEBODY FOLLOWING ME? WHEN HE GETS CLOSE ENOUGH, I'LL...

NO, BLACKHAWK! I'M A FRIEND, COMING WITH YOU...



OUR JOB IS TO SLIP IN CLOSE TO THOSE FOOLS, SPLATTER THEM WITH GRENADES, RIDDLE THEM WITH LEAD—THEN CHARGE!

YES, AND AFTER US COMES THE MAIN BODY TO FINISH UP!

IF THEY'RE ATTACKING THAT QUICK, THERE'S NO CHANCE TO SNEAK BACK AND REPORT! I'LL HAVE TO—

AWOY, BACK THERE, HERE I COME!

WHO'S THAT? ADVANCE AND BE RECOGNIZED!

THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING! AND WAIT TILL YOU RECOGNIZE ME!



NO NONSENSE OR I'LL BREAK YOUR LEADER'S NECK LIKE A MATCH STICK!

WH—WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT TO TALK TO YOUR **BIG CHIEF**... NOT YOU SMALL FRY! WHERE IS HE?

I'M BACK HERE WITH THE MAIN BODY! YOU SOUND TO ME LIKE **BLACKHAWK**! WHY SO INQUISITIVE ABOUT SOMETHING WHICH IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS?

AH, YOU SEEM TO KNOW ME! BUT WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME IS ORLOFF... A NAME THAT'S ABOUT TO BECOME **DISTINGUISHED**!



THIS ISLAND AIRPORT IS TOO VALUABLE FOR MERE PUBLIC SERVICE! FIRST, IT WOULD BE BETTER AS A SOURCE OF WEALTH TO A WORTHY ADVENTURER!

LIKE YOU, ORLOFF? YOU AND YOUR RAIDERS ARE GOING TO SMASH THE INSTALLATIONS THAT HAVE ALMOST BEEN COMPLETED?



EXACTLY! THE INTERNATIONAL PROMOTORS WILL BE AGHAST—DISHEARTENED! THEN, UNKNOWN TO THEM, I STEP FORWARD, AS A PUBLIC-SPIRITED HELPER!

YOU OFFER TO REBUILD HERE, I TAKE IT?



AGAIN YOU UNDERSTAND MY PLAN! I WILL BE HAILED FOR MY ENTERPRISE AND IDEALS OF SERVICE! I'LL BE ALLOWED TO HOLD SHARKAN AIRPORT—AND COLLECT THE RICH FEES!

YOU FORGET ONE THING, ORLOFF! I'M HERE TO EXPOSE AND DESTROY YOU!



CORRECTION, PLEASE! I'M HERE TO DESTROY YOU—WITH THE HELP OF MY FIGHTING FOLLOWERS!

YOU CONSIDER THESE ODDS TOO MUCH FOR ME? THE BLACKHAWKS HAVE FACED TEN TIMES THEIR NUMBER AND TRIUMPHED!



ENOUGH OF THIS MOCKERY! LET HIM BE THE FIRST TO PERISH! READY! AIM!



FIRE! MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!



CURSE THE CUNNING
DEVIL! HE WAS NOT
ALONE WHEN HE CAME
TO PARLEY WITH ME!

NO BLACKHAWK IS EVER
ALONE! EVEN THOUGH I TOLD
MY MEN TO WAIT, THEY USED
GOOD JUDGMENT IN BEING
READY FOR THIS
EMERGENCY!



Orloff's superior numbers are
caught off guard by the world's
most deadly team of fighters!

KEEP DEM AWAY
FROM DER
VEAPONS!

WAITEE UP! CHOP CHOP
SHOW YOU CHINESE
KATCHET TECHNIQUE!



I'LL ESCAPE!
ONLY A WOMAN
TO BAR MY
PATH!

POOR MAN! HOW
LITTLE HE KNOWS
FEAR!



HE KNOWS FEAR NOW,
FEAR—in EVERY SENSE
OF THE WORD!

LEAVE HIM TO ME,
BLACKHAWK! I'LL
IMPROVE HIS
VOCABULARY
EVEN FURTHER!



YOU'RE MY PRISONER,
MR. BIG SHOT!

I KNOW HE'S IN
SAFE HANDS, FEAR!
MEANWHILE, I'M MISS-
ING OUT ON SOME
FASCINATING
ACTION!



MAKE A STAND HERE,
MEN! AHHH!

WE ALLOW
NOBODY TO
STAND AGAINST
US!





Blackhawk



His name was **PLUNDER**, and rightly so! Driven by a lust for power unparalleled in history, his infamous mind conceived a scheme to shackle the forces of nature far below the earth's surface—and with these forces, to control the world! It remained for the gallant Blackhawk to smash his plans for conquest to smithereens!

At the Blackhawk's secret rendezvous...



Y'KNOW, ANDRE, THIS PIERCE BUSINESS WORRIES ME! HE'S ONLY ONE OF DOZENS OF SCIENTISTS WHO HAVE DISAPPEARED OF LATE!



OH, BLACKHAWK! MADMEN THE WORLD OVER ARE USING SCIENCE TO FURTHER THEIR GREEDY SCHEMES AND VENTURES!

COME QUICK! MAN ON RAFT APPROACHES REEFS NEAR ISLAND!



WH—? A RAFT NEAR THOSE TREACHEROUS REEFS? IT'LL BE SMASHED TO BITS!



CAST OFF, HENDRICKSON! WE'LL HAVE TO REACH HIM BEFORE THE REEFS TEAR HIM APART!

HIM? HERE! DERE ISS NOT MUCH TIME!



GREAT SCOTT! WHAT A COINCIDENCE— IT'S ADAM PIERCE, AND HE'S HALF DEAD!

BY GOLLY, YOU'RE RIGHT, BLACKHAWK! IT'S DER SCIENTIST DER PAPERS MENTIONED! HE IS IN BAD SHAPE, ALL RIGHT!



PLUNDER— M— MAUNA KOA— GUESS— CHIM!

HE'S DEAD! POOR DEVIL! DID YOU MAKE OUT ANYTHING HE SAID?

WERE MUTTERINGS, I THINK



MAUNA KOA— MAUNA KOA! THAT NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR! WHERE DID I—

KEEP THINKING, CHUCK! ANDRE AND I ARE GOING TO VISIT PIERCE'S HOME! NOTIFY WASHINGTON THAT HE'S DEAD!

Later, at the noted scientist's home—

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WHO WOULD WANT TO HURT DAD? HE NEVER HARMED A SOUL!

THIS IS A CRUEL WORLD, MISS PIERCE! IF YOU COULD TELL US SOMETHING—ANYTHING, PERHAPS WE COULD HELP!



I KNOW SO LITTLE—ONLY THAT DAD WAS WORKING ON A THEORY OF SHACKLING A NOVEL SOURCE OF ENERGY. A FEW WEEKS BEFORE HE DISAPPEARED, HE SEEMED DEPRESSED!

WAS THERE SOME REASON FOR THESE FEELINGS, MAMSELLE?



I'M NOT SURE! HE HAD A VISITOR AROUND THAT TIME, AND I HEARD SOUNDS OF A VIOLENT ARGUMENT BUT NATURALLY DIDN'T INTERFERE!

YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THE VOICE OF THE VISITOR?



THE VOICE SOUNDED FAMILIAR, BUT THAT'S ALL! PERHAPS IT WAS HIS FELLOW SCIENTIST, JOHN MOLTEN—I CAN'T SAY POSITIVELY!

JOHN MOLTEN, EH? IF YOU CAN GIVE US HIS ADDRESS, WE WON'T DISTURB YOU FURTHER, MISS PIERCE!



A few minutes later, at the home of John Molten—

IT'S TRAGIC, GENTLEMEN! OF COURSE, LIKE ALL SCIENTISTS, PIERCE AND I DISAGREED AT TIMES! I CONSIDERED HIS NEW SCHEME RATHER OUT-LANDISH AND ILLOGICAL!

APPARENTLY THE GOVERNMENT DID NOT SHARE YOUR VIEWS, SIR!



THE GOVERNMENT IS GROPPING, BLACKHAWK—GROPPING FOR ANYTHING THAT WILL PRODUCE A NEW SOURCE OF ENERGY! BUT PIERCE'S IDEA OF HARNESSING UNDERGROUND FORCES WAS A BIT TOO MUCH FOR ME! PREPOSTEROUS!

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION, MR. MOLTEN!





WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT FELLOW, ANDRE?

I CANNOT TELL! HOW YOU SAY... SOMETHING SHE DO NOT SMELL PROPERLY!



ALL SET, ANDRE? LET ME KNOW WHEN TO PULL HER!

WATT! HA POI—ZE BICH BE'S HEAVY! SHE DOES NOT FEEL RIGHT!



GREAT SCOTT! NO WONDER SHE DIDN'T FEEL RIGHT! LOOK HERE! A BOMB SPLICED TO THE MAGNETO—JUST LUCK THAT YOU DIDN'T SET IT OFF!

SACRE MONDE! THOSE BBS BAD! LET US CHECK YOUR SAMP ALSO!



GOOD THING WE CHECKED! I WAS WIRED FOR THE SAME KIND OF DEATH!

WHEW! ZE EXCITEMENT, SHE BBS ALREADY STARTING! LET US GET BACK TO ZE ISLAND FAST! WE HAVE THINGS TO DO, MON!



WELL, YOU REMEMBER I SAID NAHUA KOA SOUNDED FAMILIAR? IT'S THE NAME OF A MOUNTAIN ON ONE OF THE VOLCANIC GROUP ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC!



THANKS, CHUCK! LET'S GO INSIDE AND COMB OUR NOTES!



CHUCK, BEFORE WE HEAD FOR THE PACIFIC, DIG IN YOUR FILES AND GET ME ANY DOPE YOU HAVE ON A SCIENTIST NAMED JOHN MOLTEAU!

RIGHT!



WHA! I'LL LOOK AT IT LATER! IT'S TIME FOR THE BLACKHAWKS TO TAKE TO THE AIR!

Suddenly, the earth trembles and shudders—



IT'S A VIOLENT EARTH TREMOR! CRUCK, CONTACT THE MT. TREASPER OBSERVATORY AND GET A SEISMOGRAPHIC CHECK!

RIGHT!



HERE IT IS! "TREASPER"—VICINITY OF VOLCANIC ISLANDS—ERUPTION EXPECTED SOON—

VOLCANIC ISLANDS? HMM, CHUCK SAID MAUNA KOA WAS ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS IN THAT GROUP! WE'D BETTER GET STARTED IN A HURRY!



Hours later—

THERE'S THE FIRST OF THE VOLCANIC ISLAND, BOYS, AND WE'D BETTER SEE IF WE CAN HELP THE NATIVES DOWN THERE! FIND A CLEAR BEACH FOR A LANDING!

ROGER!



TOO LATE, MEN! THOSE POOR DEVILS ARE DOOMED, AND WE'RE POWERLESS TO HELP THEM! PREPARE TO TAKE OFF!

KEY, WART! HERE'S ANOTHER REPORT COMING THROUGH! VOLCANOES ARE ERUPTING ON EVERY ISLAND WITHIN A HUNDRED-MILE RADIUS!

ZAT MEANS MAUNA KOA, TOO, EH?





Meanwhile, in the very depths of the earth, a fantastic scene is taking place--



THERE'S ONE DOWN!
GET THE OTHER, TOO!

AND GET THIS WHILE
YOU'RE AT IT!



THIS GUY'S HARD
TO CONVINCE!



GET ON THE PHONE AND HAVE
AN ELEVATOR SENT UP FOR
THESE MEN! THEY'LL REALLY
BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY
COME TO!

RIGHT!



CRAWL INTO THESE
DUDS AND DON'T
MAKE ANY TROUBLE!
PLUNDER, OUR LEADER,
WANTS A WORD WITH
YOU!

WH...?
WHERE
ARE
WE?



HEY, YOU
TWO! TAKE
A DEEP
BREATH AND
HOLD IT!
WE'RE GOIN'
DOWN!

CLEAR YOUR EARS
BY SWALLOWING
AS WE DESCEND!
IT'LL KEEP THE
PRESSURE FROM
CRUSHING YOUR
EAR DRUMS!



IN CASE YOU'RE
INTERESTED,
WE'RE DROPPING
AT THE RATE OF
ONE HUNDRED
FEET A SECOND!

I'M MORE
INTERESTED
IN SOLVING
THIS
MYSTERY!



WELCOME TO MY
RATHER SATANIC
DOMAIN, BLACKHAWK!

WELL, WELL! JOHN MOLTEN,
ALIAS PLUNDER, IN NEW AND
MORE APPROPRIATE
SURROUNDINGS!



WE DON'T NEED
GUARDS NOW,
BLACKHAWK!
ESCAPE IS
IMPOSSIBLE!

THINGS ARE ADDING
UP, MOLTEN! YOUR
WHOLE SCHEME IS
QUITE CLEAR NOW,
AND THE NAME PLUNDER
FITS YOU PERFECTLY!

CLEAR, YOU SAY? I
HARDLY THINK SO! YOU
CAN SCARCELY BEGIN
TO KNOW WHAT IS
GOING ON HERE!
BUT I'LL TELL YOU!

DON'T BOTHER! IT'S OBVIOUS THAT
SLAVERY IS GOING ON HERE! THE
SAME KIND OF INHUMAN SLAVERY
THAT DROVE POOR PIERCE TO
ESCAPE FROM THIS ROTTEN
HOLE!

AND YOU'RE THE FELLOW WHO SNEERED
AT PIERCE'S THEORIES! YOU SEEM TO
BE GETTING A GREAT DEAL OUT OF
THEM!

EXACTLY! PIERCE
WAS NAIVE! HE ONLY
WORKED FOR THE
GOOD OF MANKIND!
I WORK FOR MYSELF...
AGAINST MANKIND!
IT'S SIMPLER!

MY SLAVES ARE ALL
KIDNAPPED SCIENTISTS!
THEY'RE HARNESSING
THE GREATEST FORCE
KNOWN TO MAN... THE
ENERGY OF THE EARTH
ITSELF!

INTERESTING,
MOLTEN! GO
ON!

AS YOU KNOW, ALL
ENERGY MUST HAVE
AN OUTLET! AN
ACCUMULATED STORE
OF TREMENDOUS
ENERGY SEEMS THE
PATH OF LEAST
RESISTANCE!

THAT'S
BASIC,
BUT
GO
ON!

WHEN I RELEASE THIS
PENT-UP ENERGY, IT
FOLLOWS THESE FISSURES
AND CRACKS BENEATH
THE EARTH'S SURFACE
AND EMERGES THROUGH
THE CRATERS OF EXTINCT
VOLCANOES!

AND SO YOU
PRODUCE MAN-
MADE ERUPTIONS,
ISN'T IT?

PRECISELY! SEE
THIS MAP OF THE
UNITED STATES? I
INTEND SHORTLY
TO START A SERIES
OF SHOCKS THAT
WILL TURN THE
ROCKY MOUNTAINS
INTO SEETHING
VOLCANOES!

FIRST WE'LL PUT
SOME OTHER
SPOTS ON THAT
MAP OF YOURS,
MOLTEN!

YAH!
WE ERUPT
RIGHT NOW,
BY GOLLY!





SHHH, MON AMI! DO NOT TALK UNTIL I WEESH YOU TO!

QUIET, BY GAR! WE DONT WANT NOISE THIS TRIP!



ALORS, QUEECKLY AND QUIETLY! TAKE US TO YOUR LEADER OR I BREAK ZE ARM!

OKAY, OKAY! I'LL SHOW YOU THE SET-UP, BUT YOU'LL REGRET IT!

I'D BETTER RADIO THE NEAREST REINFORCEMENTS BOYS! SEE YOU LATER!



AA! ASBESTOS SUITS—AND NOW, CALL ZE ELEVATOR YOU SPEAK OF!

EASY ON MY ARM! I'LL CALL IT! I M-AUGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THAT YOUR OTHER MEN ARE IN A CELL DOWN BELOW!



WHY? HEY ULP! GLUB!

BY GAR! WHY YOU BAN TALK SO MUCH, EH? WE TAKE ELEVATOR TO BOTTOM!



WE ARE NOT RECOGNIZED IN ZESE SUITS! NOW QUEECKLY, TO ZE CELL WHERE YOU SAY OUR COMRADES ARE HELD!

OWW, MY ARM! I'LL T-TAKE YOU TO IT!



AKA! YOU DO NOT KNOW ME, EH? BON JOUR, MON AMI!

WHY? ANDRE! GLAD YOU BOYS GOT HERE! QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THIS PLACE OVER! I KNOW WHERE THE ARMS ARE KEPT!



GOOD! NOW TO GET PLUNDER IN THE MASTER CONTROL ROOM!

WE WILL HAVE TO WORK QUIETLY AND QUEECKLY! SO FAR ZERE EES NO ALARM!



PSSST! THAT
EES HEEM,
NEST-CE
PAS?

RIGHT! HERE'S WHERE I
PULL THE SWITCH ON
PLUNDER!

CONTROL
ROOM

WHAT WAS IT YOU
SAID ABOUT STEAM,
PLUNDER? HOW'S
THIS FOR COOKING?

OOF!



STOP THE ENGINES, EVERYBODY!
ATTENTION! YOU CAPTIVES WILL
BE FREED! YOU OTHERS,
PLUNDER'S MEN, STAND WHERE
YOU ARE! THE BLACKHAWKS
ARE NOW IN CONTROL OF
THIS INFERNAL PLACE!

WIL?
FREE?

HOORAY!

THANK
GOOD-
NESS!

AH! CHUCK'S MESSAGE
BROUGHT A LANDING CRAFT
AND ENOUGH MEN TO HANDLE
PLUNDER'S MOB! BUT
WHERE'S PLUNDER?

SACRE BLEU! WE
THOUGHT YOU HAD
HEEM! HE MUST
HAVE REMAINED
BELOW BEN LE
INFERNO!



EEET EES
IMPOSSIBLE
FOR HEEM TO
ESCAPE! SHALL
I SEND A MAN
TO FIND HEEM,
BLACKHAWK?

NO, ANDRE!
IF PLUNDER
CHOOSES
TO STAY
BELOW AND
HIDE IN HIS
EVIL LAIR,
WE'LL LET HIM
NOW BACK TO THE
PLANES FOR A
BOMBING RUN!



BOMBS
AWAY!

WEER OFF, MEN! WHEN
THOSE BOMBS HIT
THEY'LL BLOW THIS
ISLAND TO BITS! GET
CLEAR OF THE BLAST!



Where death and danger
reign.
We fight with might
and main.
We're Blackhawks!

CHOP CHOP







I MUST HAVE OVER-LOOKED IT! I'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH THEM ALL AGAIN!



Meanwhile...

EXCELLENT MYSTERY! UP TO PAGE 366 AND STILL NOT KNOW WHO IS MURDERER! WILL FIND OUT ON PAGE 367! THAT IS LAST PAGE!



I TAKE BOOK BACK! TELL BOOKSELLER WHAT I THINK OF HIM!

SIG GYP! SIG SWINDLE! LAST PAGE NOT SOLVE MYSTERY! MAKE MYSTERY WORSE!



WHERE THAT BOOKSELLER? HE VELL SIG GREAT!



WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE, CHUM?

THIS BOOK IS SIG GYP! LOOK!





THAT'S IT! IT'S THE BOOK!



NOW! DON'T BE NASTY! I KIND OF LIKE BOOKS THAT END UP IN A PUZZLE! TELL YOU WHAT! I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE TIMES WHAT YOU PAID FOR IT!



IT'S O.K. BY ME!



THIS IS IT! THIS IS IT!



SOUND LIKE SOMEBODY SICK!



EXCUSE PLEASE! SOUND LIKE SOMEONE HAVE PAIN!



THIEF!

I NOT LIKE
THIEF, EVEN IF
HE STEAL SOME-
THING USELESS!

OWW!

YOU
GOT
HIM!

CHECK! GET PLENTY PRACTICE
HITTING THINGS WITH BLACK-
HAWK BANDO!



THAT WAS CLOSE!
YOU MUST DO SOMETHING
FOR ME! TOO MANY PEOPLE ARE
AFTER THIS BOOK.

THEY VELLY
STUPID! THAT
BOOK BIG GYP!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THE FORMULA ON THE LAST
PAGE IS THOUGHT TO BE THE
SECRET OF AN EXPLOSIVE THAT
WILL MAKE THE ATOM BOMB
LOOK LIKE A FIRECRACKER! IN
THE WRONG HANDS IT CAN BE
VERY DANGEROUS!

SO!



TRUSTED SCIENTISTS THOUGHT IT WOULD
BE SAFE HERE AMONG SO MANY OTHER
BOOKS, BUT THEY WERE WRONG!
YOU MUST KEEP IT UNTIL WE ARE
CERTAIN THE THIEVES HAVE GIVEN
UP THEIR EFFORTS!

WELL
DO!

IT'S THE BOOK! AND
MY MAN FAILED TO
GET IT!





LADY HAVE TELLIBLE DISPOSITION! ALSO TELLIBLE LEFT? AH! SOMETHING SMELL GOOD!



YOU BAKE CAKE?

OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN! YES, IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M BAKING A CAKE! TO KNOCK YOU OUT AGAIN, BUT THE NOISE MIGHT MAKE THE CAKE FALL!



BUT WHY YOU LOOK AT BOOK?

BECAUSE I WROTE THE BOOK! WHILE I WAS WRITING IT, I ALSO THOUGHT UP A WONDERFUL RECIPE FOR A CAKE! I DIDN'T WANT ANYONE ELSE TO GET IT!



I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A WONDERFUL IDEA TO WRITE IT OUT IN CODE IN ONE COPY OF MY BOOK! BUT THE BOOK WAS LOST AND SOME FOOLS THOUGHT IT WAS A FORMULA FOR AN EXPLOSIVE! I'VE HAD SO MUCH TROUBLE GETTING IT BACK!



I HAVE PLENTY BAD TIME! TOO! AND ALL BECAUSE OF CAKE RECIPE!



YOU WRITE FOR ME LAST PAGE OF MYSTLEE STORY SO I KNOW WHO KILLER IS! OTHERWISE I BREAK PRECIOUS CAKE ON LOVELY LADY'S HAIR-DO!

YES! YES! I'LL DO IT! JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE TO THINK!



AH! YELLY GOOD ENDING TO STORY! SO BUTLER WAS MURDERER! I SUSPECT HIM ALL THE TIME!



WELL! BAD TIME NOT ALL BAD! I HAVE END OF MYSTLEE STORY AND ENJOY GOOD CAKE! GOODBYE, PLEASE!

DEAR! I WAS SAVING THAT CAKE FOR THE LADIES' AID!





Senorita from

ECUADOR

FLYING low over the dense virgin forests of Ecuador, Blackhawk and his crewmen speculated on the message which had brought them there, headed for an unknown destination. Over their radio at Blackhawk Island they had heard the code signal of a friend in South America, and the statement that their help was needed. Then the signal had faded, blocked out by static, and they had been unable to re-establish contact.

South America, they knew from the code signal, and they had heard one word which sounded like Ecuador, or Ecuador.

"Perhaps if we scout around nearer at hand, we'll pick up our friend again on the plane radio," Blackhawk had said, when they took off from their secret base.

Now after many hours of flying Ecuador was beneath them, but they had heard no more. The primitive country seemed unpopulated, yet occasionally they saw indications that man had penetrated even these remote areas. Indian workmen moved about on rubber plantations, or in forests from which cinchona bark was being marketed, or ivory nuts gathered. It was over one of the plantations that they discovered their next clue.

Blackhawk circled a clearing, idly noting that it was large enough for a plane to land. Then he peered more closely, and circled again for a better look.

"What do you make of that?" he asked.

"Hey!" said Chuck, the American member of the crew, studying the ground below. "Looks like someone has drawn the crude outline of a hawk's head—a black hawk!"

"All set for a landing," Blackhawk said. "Someone needs our help. We're going in."

As Blackhawk set his plane down there was no sign of life, but through the trees at a distance could be seen a group of buildings. He stepped from the cockpit, then ducked as some-

thing whizzed by his head.

"Take cover!" he shouted. "Someone's shooting at us!"

"Ay jank it come from over dere," Olaf said, pointing to the left where a trail led toward the buildings.

"Gosh, look!" Chuck yelled with an appreciative whistle, rising and forgetting the order to be low.

Coming across the clearing was a girl—and what a girl! Even at a distance they could distinguish her beautiful figure, her black hair and flashing dark eyes. In one hand she carried a rifle.

"Is it really Blackhawk?" she called. "I am so terribly sorry I shoot at you . . . I did not know!"

"Mademoiselle," Andre exclaimed, bowing low, "I am at your service."

"Senorita would be more appropriate," Blackhawk said, elbowing Andre aside. "I am Blackhawk. How can I help you?"

The other members of his organization crowded close, bowing and smirking to attract the attention of this sensational Spanish beauty. Impartially she gazed at them all, revealing sparkling teeth and lovely dimples.

"I do need your help," she cried. "But quick . . . better we do not stay here in the open! Follow me!" She led them across the clearing and into the shelter of the forest.

"I am sure she would prefer help from a Balkan," Stanislaus said, straightening his shoulders with a swagger.

"To the rear, dope," Chuck gave him a kidding shove. "All the world knows Americans make the best husbands."

"His' wife is it already!" Hendricks chuckled. But even he was surreptitiously smoothing his white hair and twisting his long mustaches.

Safely hidden under the big trees, the girl turned to face them.

"I am Juanita Montez," she explained. "My father owns this plantation. He makes enough money, we live a happy life always . . . until . . ." her voice trembled, and the men leaned forward sympathetically. " . . . until we discover gold in the mountains on a far corner of the estate!"

"Gold!" Blackhawk said thoughtfully. "It has made trouble often enough."

"Yes," Juanita nodded. "the gold made trouble! The Indians of the estate, whom my father has always trusted so much—he organized the men against us. They would keep word of the gold from reaching the outside world, would mine it themselves. Last night they were my father, and they held him prisoner in the house. I am a girl so they don't watch me too closely, and I slip away into the woods. But what could I do? I have only my rifle, no way to get help . . . and if I should leave, perhaps they kill my father!"

"Senorita," Blackhawk said gallantly. "we are here to help you! We'll rescue your father, never fear!"

"But they are armed," she warned. "And you must take them by surprise! I fear that if they know you are coming . . . they will kill you!"

"We'll rescue him!" the men exclaimed, cheering Blackhawk, each one wishing that he alone could comfort this beautiful senorita.

Silently following Blackhawk, the men fled through the trees, until they reached the large house. As they reconnoitered, it was the sight of the big trees that gave Blackhawk his plan of attack. Their branches, intertwined, made an almost solid roof above the men.

"The men inside the house will be watching for a ground attack," he explained. "so we'll take to the trees. We can make our way over the branches and climb onto the porch that runs around the second story. From there we should be able to get into the house without much trouble."

The gnarled old tree trunks provided footholds, and the heavy branches made a natural

bridge to the balcony. Discovering an unlocked window, Blackhawk stepped inside, with his men at his heels. They made their way to a wide staircase and descended cautiously. From a room below, they could hear voices.

"This is your last chance, Don Sebastian!" a gruff voice said. "If you sign this deed turning the property over to me, you and your daughter will be safely escorted from the plantation. If not, my men will kill you and we'll take the property!"

"Very well," an aged voice answered. "I'll sign your deed, for the sake of my daughter."

"No, Don Sebastian, don't sign! Once they have your signature, they're sure to kill you anyway!" A new voice entered the conversation, followed by the sound of a blow.

When the Blackhawks entered the room, the captives made were taken by complete surprise. The room seemed suddenly to be full of blue-coated devils, diving at them from every direction, striking the guns from their hands. Before they could organize for action, they were disarmed and lined against a wall.

The beautiful Juanita rushed into the room and embraced the white-haired old man. "Father! You are all right?"

Then she turned to a young man who had been roped to a chair—a handsome young man with dark hair and flashing eyes to match her own. It was he who had made the protest and had received the blow at the hands of the foreman.

"Ramon!" she cried. "Darling! We are saved by these wonderful Blackhawks!"

The young man took her hand, and turned to face his rescuers.

"Gentlemen," he said. "I must express our heartfelt gratitude, for myself and my fiancée."

His fiancée! Crestfallen, the Blackhawks looked at one another. They might have known that such a beautiful girl would long since have been spoken for!

"Come along, gang," Blackhawk said, leading the way toward the door. "We'll take these captives and turn them over to the police. Nothing to hang around here for, worse luck."

BLACKHAWK



In the outer darkness of space, between Mars and Jupiter, lies the Asteroid Belt! Here the asteroids — small fragments of what once may have been a planet — circle eternally around the distant sun!

But one day an asteroid detached itself from the swarm, and drew ever nearer to our earth! Then **THE BLACKHAWKS**, dethroned knights of adventure, faced a peril beyond any they had ever known for they met **THE MEN FROM THE ASTEROID!**

Drawn by the gravitational pull of a passing comet, a wayward asteroid speeds from its orbit, lumbering through the absolute zero cold of interstellar space...

And in the great observatory on Earth's Mount Taylor...

AH! I'VE LOCATED IT NOW! IT WILL CERTAINLY PASS VERY CLOSE TO OUR PLANET!

GOOD HEAVENS! IT—IT CAN'T BE! I'LL REPORT THIS TO WASHINGTON AT ONCE!



Not long afterward, on Blackhawk Island—

A MESSAGE FOR US, CHUCK?

FROM WASHINGTON! A VIP... AND I MEAN VERY IMPORTANT PERSON!



THIS IS THE FIRST TIME HE'S CALLED ON US!



Blackhawks,
Desperately need
your help! Can
you come
immediately?
Chief

YOU'RE RIGHT, CHUCK! THIS **MUST** BE URGENT! ROLL OUT THE PLANES!



Once again, the rallying cry of the Blackhawks sounds the call to adventure...



A few hours later, in the Nation's Capital—

THIS SEEMS INCREDIBLE, SIR!

THAT PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AT MOUNT TAYLOR OBSERVATORY! IT'S EQUIVALENT TO LOOKING AT THE ASTEROID FROM A DISTANCE OF TEN MILES!

THAT TINY SPECK TAKING OFF FROM THE ASTEROID! THE ASTRONOMER AT MOUNT TAYLOR THINKS IT MIGHT BE A SPACE SHIP!

THERE'S NO DOUBT IT'S HEADED EARTHWARD! THEY'VE CALCULATED ITS APPROXIMATE LANDING PLACE!

YOU WANT US TO GO THERE AND INVESTIGATE? IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, SIR!



EET EES MOS' EXTRAORDINAIRE! WHY DO THEY NOT INFORM ZE PEOPLE ABOUT THESE VISITORS FROM SPACE?

BECAUSE NO ONE CAN BE SURE WHAT THAT OBJECT IN THE PHOTO REALLY IS! AN UNFOUNDED RUMOR MIGHT SPREAD THAT IT'S SOME KIND OF SECRET WEAPON!



THAT'S JUST THE SPARK THAT MIGHT SET OFF THE TINDERBOX HERE ON EARTH! IF ANY NATION THOUGHT IT WAS BEING ATTACKED, IT WOULD TRY TO ATTACK FIRST!

SACRE NOW! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



Through the blanket of earth's atmosphere, the strange projectile plunges to a landing—



WELL, I'LL BE DANGED! WHAT KIND OF A CONTRAPTION IS THAT?





Several miles further on...



HA, HA, HA!
HA, HA,
HA!

WAIT! DO
YOU HEAR
THAT?

YUMPIN'
YIMINY!

HA, HA, HA!
HE, HE, HE!

THAT MUST BE
BILLY KARL! BUT
WHAT HAPPENED
TO HIM?



WE'RE FRIENDS,
BILLY! SPEAK TO
ME!

HEE-
HEE-
HEE!



NO USE! HIS MIND'S A
COMPLETE BLANK!
TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS
FRIENDS! WE'LL PUSH
ON!

LEAVE A WELL-MARKED
TRAIL! OLAF, CHOP CROP AND
I WILL CATCH UP AFTER WE
TAKE HIM BACK TO THAT OTHER
MINER'S SHACK!



Several minutes later...

LOOK AT THIS!
SOMEONE CAME
THIS FAR WITH
POOR BILLY
KARL!

SOMEONE, YES! BUT
ZAT EES NOT ZE
FOOTPRINT OF A
HUMAN BEING!



RIGHT, ANDRE! THE CREATURE
HAD ONLY THREE TOES, AND
THE SHAPE OF THE FOOT IS
ALMOST CIRCULAR, LIKE A
HOOF!

THERE
HE IS!



DOWN!

TAKE COVER! I'LL GET HIM BEFORE HE USES THAT GUN AGAIN!



CLOSE!



BUT A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE!



GRAB THAT GUN! I DON'T WANT HIM TAKING ANY MORE POT SHOTS AT US!



JUST RELAX!



When the captive recovers—

CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME? WHO ARE YOU? WHY DO YOU WISH TO HARM US?

HE CAN'T SPEAK! HE HAS NO MOUTH!





IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO SPEAK YOUR BARBAROUS TONGUE, EARTHMAN! WE NEED NO Gaping HOLES IN OUR FACES THROUGH WHICH TO MAKE SOUNDS!



NOM DE NOM! HE SPEAKS ENGLISH!

I SUSPECTED THAT GADGET AROUND HIS THROAT WAS USED FOR COMMUNICATION, AND SOMETHING TELLS ME THEY LEARNED THE LANGUAGE FROM BILLY HART!



WE KNOW YOUR SPACE SHIP IS NEAR BY! YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE US THERE! OR I MIGHT BE FORCED TO USE THIS ON YOU!

YOU CANNOT FRIGHTEN ME! BUT I WILL DO AS YOU SAY!



I DON'T LIKE IT, BLACKHAWK! HE'S BEING TOO AGREEABLE!

WE HAVEN'T ANY CHOICE EXCEPT TO TRUST HIM! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT SPACE SHIP AND HAVE A TALK WITH HIS HEAD MAN!



HERE WE ARE! DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE AROUND!

NO WONDER WE DIDN'T SEE IT FROM THE AIR! A PRETTY NEAT CAMOUFLAGE JOB!



SURRENDER, EARTHMEN!

IT'S AN AMBUSH!

ONLY ONE WAY
TO HANDLE A
SITUATION LIKE
THIS...



FIGHT OUR
WAY OUT!



COWARDS! LET GO
OF MY ARMS AND—
OOOF!



YOU
FELLOWS
SIMPLY BOWL
ME OVER!

ANDRE!
LOOK
OUT!



OH HHH!

YOU'LL PAY FOR
THAT... WITH
INTEREST!



Meanwhile later, the valiant Blackhaws are overwhelmed by superior numbers—



IT SURE WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED, BLACKHAWK!

I WONDER WHAT'S NEXT ON THEIR SCHEDULE!



Inside the space ship...

I AM ZOTH, LEADER OF OUR FORCES! THERE ARE MANY QUESTIONS I WISH ANSWERED!

GO AHEAD AND ASK, YOU TALKING GRAMOPHONE! YOU'LL BE A LOT OLDER AND UGLIER BEFORE YOU GET ANY ANSWERS!



I HOPED YOU WOULD NOT BE STUBBORN! HOWEVER, WE POSSESS THE MEANS TO COMPEL YOU! TAKE HIM TO THE CHAIR!



WHEN I CLOSE THE SWITCH, YOUR BRAIN ENERGY WILL FLOW INTO THE METAL HELMET AND ITS VIBRATIONS WILL BE RECORDED IN THE BOX NEAR YOU! IT IS THE SAME PRINCIPLE BY WHICH OUR THOUGHTS ARE TRANSLATED INTO SPEECH THROUGH THE VOICE BOXES WE WEAR!



DON'T PULL THAT SWITCH!

STRIKE HIM DOWN!





BLACKHAWK!



YOU FEELTHY
MURDERING
SWINE! SEE I
COULD GET MY
HANDS FREE—



Several minutes later—

BLACKHAWK,
HOW AM I, ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?

I—I THINK
SO, ANDRE.
WHERE'S CHUCK?
WHAT HAPPENED
TO HIM?



WE DON'T KNOW! THEY
MOVED US IN HERE RIGHT
AFTER YOU STARTED
THAT UPROAR!

IT'S LUCKY I'VE
GOT A THICK
SKULL, STANIS-
LAUS! AS IT IS,
THEY PUT A FEW
GOOD-SIZED
DENTS IN IT!



HA, HA, HA!
HEE, HEE,
HEE!

GOOD
GLORY!



IT'S CHUCK! THAT
INFERNAL MACHINE
DID THE SAME THING
TO HIM AS TO
POOR BILLY
EARL!

HE'S MIND IS
EMPTY... DRAINED
OF ALL ENERGY!



I TOLD YOU THAT
WE POSSESSED
THE MEANS TO GET
THE INFORMATION
WE NEED!

NA POI! HE
GLOATS OVER
US! I WILL
TEAR HIM TO
PIECES!



HOLD IT, ANDRE! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US?

NOTHING— NOW! YOUR FRIEND WAS AMAZINGLY WELL INFORMED ON MANY TOPICS OF INTEREST TO US! SUCH AS THE WEAPONS YOU EARTH-LINGS POSSESS.



OUR ASTEROID WAS TOO SMALL TO SUSTAIN LIFE! ONLY OUR SCIENCE ENABLED US TO PRODUCE THE BARREST NECESSITIES! SO WE CONTEMPLATED AN INVASION OF A LARGER PLANET FOR MANY CENTURIES!



ONLY ONE FACT DETERRED US! WE COULD NOT CONSTRUCT A SPACE SHIP FIT FOR A LONG JOURNEY! FORTUNATELY, THE COMET THAT DREW US FROM OUR ORBIT SOLVED THAT PROBLEM! FOR IT BROUGHT US CLOSE TO YOUR EARTH!

AND YOU'RE PLANNING TO CONQUER OUR WORLD?



THAT PROJECT WILL REQUIRE MORE THAN A HANDFUL OF YOUR ASTEROID MEN!

NOT WITH OUR WEAPONS! BEHOLD! EVEN NOW THE FOG OF DEATH IS SPREADING!



THE FOG IS COMPOSED OF DEADLY CHEMICALS! WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN IT REACHES THOSE ANIMALS!



THERE! IT HAS SWEEPED UPON THEM NOW!

IT'S GOING PAST! AND— AND—

NOM DE DIEU!



NOTHING LEFT BUT SKELETONS!

THE FOG DESTROYS EVERY TYPE OF ANIMAL LIFE! IT WILL KEEP ON SPREADING AND KILLING—UNTIL NO MAN OR WOMAN REMAINS ALIVE! THEN WE SHALL OCCUPY YOUR DESERTED CITIES!

DO YOU SHOW
THIS?

SO YOU WILL KNOW THE
RATE THAT AWAITS YOUR
FELLOW MEN! IT WILL
MAKE YOU WISH TO HELP
US FURTHER—RATHER THAN
JOIN THEM IN DEATH!



GOT
HIM!

URGH!



ICE WORK, STANISLAUS!
WE WERE QUIET AS A
CAT!

WHERE DO
WE GO FROM
HERE?



FOLLOW
ME!



THIS GADGET REALLY
TURNS ON THE HEAT!

EEEEHHH!



WE WEE! NEVAIRE ESCAPE ALIVE!
BUT EET EES BETTER TO DIE
FIGHTENG, NON?







MUST'VE
SHOOK
IT! WHAT
HAPPENED?

NEVER MIND!
YOU WOULDN'T
BELIEVE ME
IF I TOLD
YOU!



OLD FROZEN PUSS IS
GOING THROUGH HIS ACT
ONCE MORE... WITH BILLY
KARL! BUT FIRST WE'RE
GOING IN FOR A SPOT
OF FOG-KILLER!

THERE IS NO
KNOWN METHOD
OF DISPERSING
THE FOG!



DON'T SAY THAT! OR I'LL PUT YOU
ON YOUR OWN TRICK CHAIR! THEN
WE'LL FIND OUT EVERYTHING
YOU KNOW!

TH--THERE IS
A WAY! THE
INTAKE
CYLINDERS!



With the Blackhawks at the controls,
the queer ship flies over the area of
encroaching fog...

HE'S RIGHT! THE
INTAKE CYLINDERS
ARE DRAWING THE
FOG UP INTO THE
TANKS AGAIN!



IN THE TANKS, THE DEATH
FOG WILL BE REDUCED
TO ITS BASIC CHEMICALS!
IT WON'T BE HARMFUL ANY
MORE!

GLACIOUS
GOODNESS!



HE JUMP PLETTY
QUICK! NO CAN
STOP HIM! GO
BOOOM!

IT'S BETTER THIS
WAY! AFTER WE
RESTORE BILLY KARL
TO HEALTH, WE'LL
FLY THIS CRAFT
BACK TO OUR
ISLAND AND DIS-
MANTLE IT!



Later, on Blackhawk Island...

WASHINGTON ACKNOWLEDGES
YOUR REPORT, BLACKHAWK!
THEY AGREE THAT THE INCIDENT
IS CLOSED, AND IT WON'T
BE GIVEN ANY PUBLICITY!

SOMEDAY,
PERHAPS, THE
PEOPLE CAN BE
TOLD THE TRUE
STORY OF THE IN-
VADERS FROM THE
ASTEROID! BUT NOT
NOW!

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the
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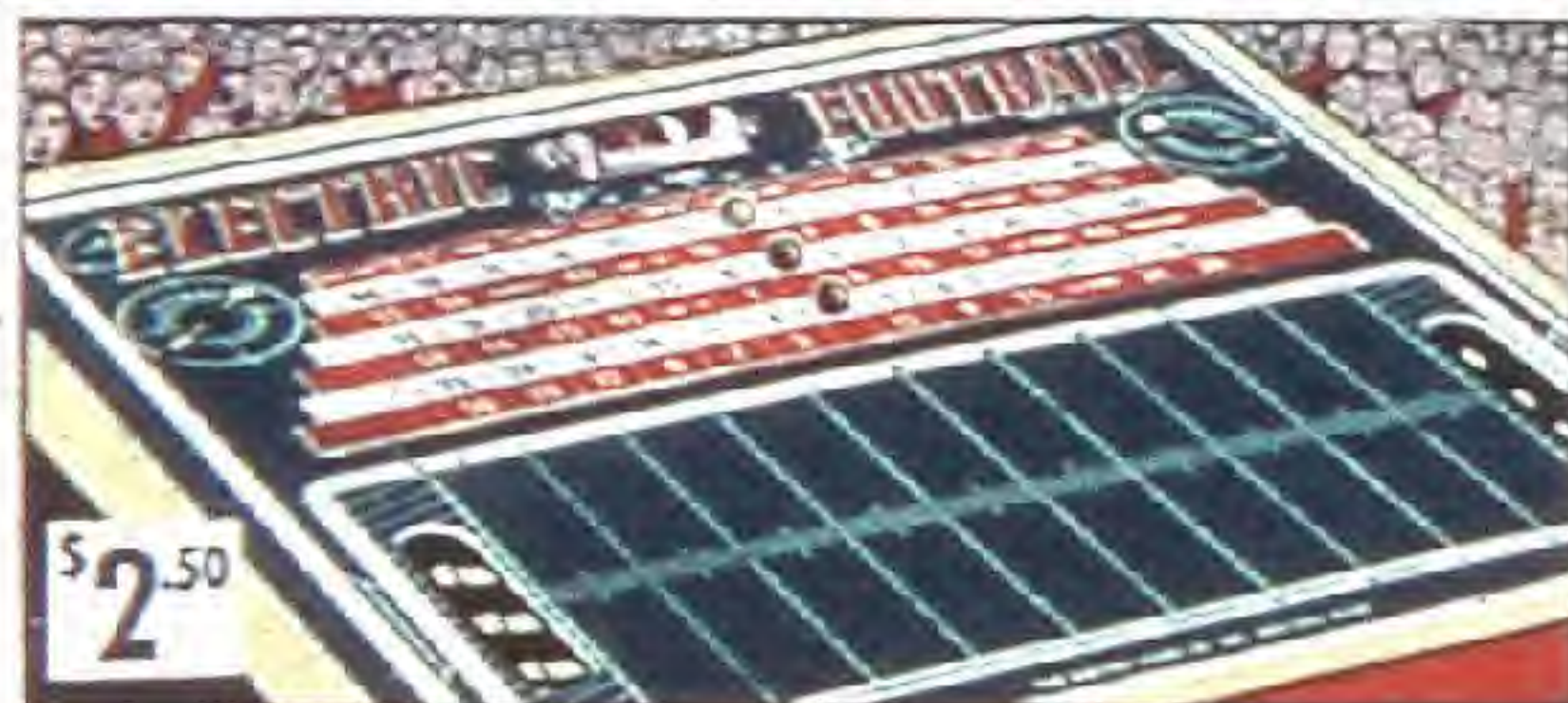
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